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BY J. B. HARRIS.

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I Love Thee Still.

BY ELLEN LOUIS CHAMBERLAIN.

Beloved, beloved, my feet alone are walking
In quiet paths which these last trod with me—
I hear no more the music of thy talking
O'erweep the fields where Summer blossoms be.
Green trees in blessing, wave their arms above me,
The night-bird draweth nearer with his sigh,
But not one human voice has said "I Love Thee!"
Since last I read Love's story in thine eyes.

Oh! shapes of Evil walk the path between—
My heart grows heavy with unspoken fears—
Will e'en our truth be strong enough to screen us
From fate as terrible as thou art dear?
Death's angel draweth nigh—oh! ever nigher,
His kiss is on my brow the while I sleep;
For me—I see a martyr's path of fire,
For thee, beloved—a graveyard where to weep.

And this, alas! is all life gives of crowning,
A wreath of Fame twined out of funeral flowers,
As if some shipwrecked mariner, while drowning,
Should grasp for gasps, in ocean's coral bowers.
Reshine thee, love, of all the hopes I cherished,
The dream of my future was to make no real,
The household joys, that crushed to death, have perished,
In my mad worship of the veiled ideal!

And yet, I love thee—never will another
Say these three words with such strong throbs of pain,
Such tears, like those with which some stricken mother
Bathes eyes which ne'er may meet her own again.
I love thee—it has been no idle vision
Rising like moonlight o'er Life's troubled sea,
For it will dawn again in climes Elysian,
Standing 'mong angels, I shall pine for thee.

And thou wilt breathe my name perchance while rhyiming
The careless fancies of an idler's lines,
Or, happy, with the words above thee chiming
Their lonesome marches thro' some grove of pines—
And when a fairer head in dreams is lying,
Where mine has rested upon breast of thine,
From the past thou'll hear a low voice sighing—
Her living love will be less dear than mine.

And thou wilt come, sometimes, where I am sleeping,
And o'er that place of thorns wilt make thy moan,
And I, beneath the mould, shall hear thy weeping,
And pray for thee beneath the white tomb-stone.
My heart shall be where'er thy steps are roving,
Its passion conquer o'er Death's troubled wave;
Alas! alas! that earth's best gift of loving
Should be a prayer, a tear, a sigh, and a grave.

THE CONSCRIPTION.

A French Story.

In one of the later years of the Empire of France, at a time when the Conscription laid its terrible hands on the flower of the youth of the country, and sent them off, reluctantly or unreluctantly, to the field of battle, the society of a certain small town in one of the Central Departments received a notable addition in the person of the Baron de Valville, a returned emigrant. He was a man apparently about fifty years of age, yet his figure retained all the erectness and elegance of early manhood. He was understood to be one of the principal families of Normandy, and had come, it was said, to a country residence, in order to recover from the harassing effects of exile on body and mind. The little circle into which he stepped was delighted with the refined polish of his manners and the intellectual charms of his conversation. Young men, of any rank, were scarce in those days, and the Baron had few competitors in his course to popularity, and to the favor, in particular, of the ladies. His fifty years were almost forgotten, and might have been wholly so, had not his temples been undeniably a little whitened by time. The only rival almost of the Baron was a young man named Eleostan de Blaux, a native of the same town, and in this youth had cast upon him a doubtful eye, as if afraid that the hour of M. de Valville's captivities had not yet passed by. Indeed, there was a more special and precise reason for the alarm of Blaux—he was in love.

Some time after the Baron had settled down in his new scene, Blaux and he met in a spot where they were almost obliged to converse. The Baron could not help smiling at the other. The young, tall and well-formed Blaux wore immense blue spectacles, and leaned over his cane, as if bent down by years. He saw the Baron's scanning glance, and said, half seriously, half smilingly:

"You see before you, sir, a victim of war."
"What!" said de Valville, "you have served, then?"
"I was wounded?"
"Wounded!" yes; ruined by the enemy that wounds us all," replied Blaux.
"Your property has been ravaged by the enemy, perhaps?"
"Yes, the enemy called the Conscription," was the answer. "For ten years I have struggled with it, and unequal as was the contest, as yet I have been victorious. But at what a cost!—dear have fenders to my country—I have given eight representatives under our banners. You know how costly substitutes always are. Mine have cost me ten thousand francs a piece."
"That makes in all eighty thousand francs," said the Baron—"a goodly sum."
"Yes," continued Blaux, in a rueful tone, "to defray the expenses, I was obliged to sell my property. I had fifteen thousand livres of income, and now I have but three—One or two

new Conscriptions, and I am a beggar. Our fighting Government won't hear any reason. It is in vain for me to tell them I am already a soldier—in fact, I am eight soldiers at once; that I am serving in three armies, fighting in three places—north, east and south; that I have received more than thirty wounds, and have lost three legs and five arms; and that I have even been twice killed on the field of battle. It is nonsense for me to tell them all this, true as it is. The Government simply says, 'We have need of men, and we take you. Never was there such a system. Being no longer able to pay with my sword, I am going to be sold new and worn arms. I have continuing rheumatism, and can prove that my eighteen wounds daily.'"
The Baron smiled at this tirade.
"Excellent pretext for escaping being a hero,"
"Yes, Baron," said Blaux, "that is all very well. But my sufferings are not without some alloy of good. I have made great sacrifices for my country, and enjoy the advantage in being left almost alone—the only young man in the place. I'm very sorry."
"And have you found an object?" replied the Baron.
"I have," said Blaux, after a short pause; "I have fixed my affections—yes, affections—on a certain object, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of speaking to you on the subject. Now, mad smile, and first, Baron, with all the world but one person."
"And who may that be?" said de Valville.
"Madame de Nercy," returned the young man. "I have given my heart to the young and charming widow. I know that she will not give her hand but to one of her own age, so that you need not come in my path with serious intentions. Pray be warned! I will not bear interference in that quarter. Flirt with all else whom you please."

The Baron only laughed at Blaux's injunctions, nor did he afterwards stir his conduct in the slightest degree towards Madame de Nercy. On the contrary, he was continually by her side, and seemed ever to call up his whole power of pleasing when in her presence. He was in some measure unsuccessful. The lady seemed to listen to him with delight, but Blaux had not misapprehended her in ascribing to her a dislike to matches where the age was unequal. She had in truth suffered too much in her former world-state from the disparity of tastes, caused by the disparity of years, not to feel strongly on the subject. Thus it chanced that, when she listened to the attractive converse of the Baron, she used to cast a glance at his grey locks, and think to herself: "What a pity it is that he is fifty!"

Widows are framed for telling their mind with freedom, and the Baron was not long in catching up some expressions from her lips which revealed her thoughts.
"Then you will only wed with one of your own age, lady," said the Baron.
"I confess to that weakness," returned Madame de Nercy, with a smile.
"You are in error," said the Baron; "men of mature years—"
"Oh, pray, do not trouble yourself to praise yourself," interrupted the lady; "my poor dead husband was of your years, and though he was as good a soul as ever lived, I learned from him that age and youth cannot assort together."
"Then why not marry your admirer, Blaux?" said the Baron.
"Pshaw—Blaux!" replied the lady; "he is young, to be sure, but I will never wed a man who would hide in a closet or tub to avoid the conscription. No, no," continued Madame de Nercy, "I am in no hurry; I will wait for the peace. And in the meantime, Baron, do you try with all your might to grow young again. If you were twenty years younger, we should see—we should see, Baron."

M. de Valville was silent for some time. He then said:
"Madame de Nercy, you encourage me to give utterance to a secret. I am a man of fifty, and young again I shall never be; but I have a son, the very image of myself in person, and fully thirty years younger. In him I see my very self, as I was at his age. Madame, my son loves you. He saw you but once at a ball in Paris, during your last visit. He learned who you were; but, alas! he is so unfortunately circumstanced as to be unable to appear and own his love. Our family have ever been Royalists, and my ill-fated son was mad enough to join in a conspiracy against those in power. The plot was discovered, and he became a proscribed fugitive. For some time he has been concealed in my own house, not in this town, but a little country village which I purchased near to yours. From that concealment he would, ere now, have burst to throw himself at your feet, but for my entreaties. I promised to plead his cause with you, that he might not risk his life by exposing himself to the chance of seizure by the police. You have now given me an opportunity to fulfill my word. Ah, Madame, take pity upon him—take pity upon me. Consent to see him, and hear him plead his own cause!"

This strange revelation made a strong impression on the fair widow. A beautiful young man, deeply in love, and a proscribed fugitive, presented a most charmingly romantic picture to her fancy.
"I go to the country to-morrow," said she, after some moments of blushing, yet not unpleasing confusion, "and you may come to me at eight in the morning. We will go together."
"Ah, Madame," replied M. de Valville, "that is a pleasure which prudence forbids me to enjoy. Beyond a doubt, my movements are secretly watched. My son will be left to greater freedom and safety by my remaining here. In truth, it would be well for me to avert suspicion by going to some other place."

The widow was somewhat averse to go alone, but the difficulty was got over by her resolving to take a confidential friend with her.
To the country, accordingly, she went on the following day. Soon after her arrival she received a visit from a young man, whom she could not look upon without surprise. He was the very image of his father. It was the same figure, twenty years younger—eyes, look, and tone of voice being the same. The step of the son was more elastic, and in place of the grey locks of the Baron, short and beautiful chestnut tresses adorned the head of the son. As to the rest, the son proved to have the very spirit of the father—intelligent, polished and tender. The poor widow's heart was soon in chains. At the end of a fortnight or so she returned to town, and was soon after followed on by the Baron, who, she understood fulfilled his intention of averting suspicion by a short tour.
"Ah, well," said he, taking the hand of Madame de Nercy respectfully, "what have you made of my poor boy? Does he consent to take care of his safety? Is he gone?"
The widow looked down and blushed.
"No, he is not gone yet. Before he goes we wish to go through a little ceremony, and I now have to ask your consent to it."

"You have it," replied the Baron, with emotion, "and no one can pray more sincerely for your happiness. But the marriage must be so far public, and I see in it new paths for my son."
"Oh, for nothing," exclaimed the lady, "we have arranged all that. The mayor, in whose presence it shall take place, is devoted to me, and will be silent, particularly as I mean to give him a piece of ground of my own, which he has long coveted. Then the publication will seem to be in your name, Adrien de Valville, which is the name of your son. It will be believed that I espouse you, and thus we will consummate. Fear nothing, dear Baron. All will be done safely, though prudence may require you to be absent."
The next morning accordingly went ahead of the approaching marriage of the Baron with Madame de Nercy. One person was ordered to be, greatly amused therewith. This was M. Eleostan de Blaux. He visited the Baron, and spoke of doing an ill deed. The Baron only smiled, and begged him to be contrary to allow the opportunity first to go on, to which request, M. Eleostan, being an anti-conscriptionist, gave his consent.

The ceremony passed over, and Madame de Nercy de Valville returned alone from her country seat, shedding many tears, not on account of the ceremony, certainly, but because she had seen her young and handsome husband quit her side to seek a safer retreat, there to wait more fortunate days. She came to her house, expecting there to meet and receive consolation from her father-in-law. To her surprise, she saw there, not the grey haired Baron, but her own husband.
"You here, Adrien!" exclaimed she in terror. "What imprudence! yet I embrace you again. Ah, I know what brought you here. You could not depart without seeing your father!"
The young husband knelt down before her.
"Pardon me," cried he, "and my father are one. Beloved wife, forgive me. When you saw me first as a man of fifty years, I was in disguise, and—can you bear to hear it—on account of the conscription! But not because I would not be a soldier. No, I would have served my country cheerfully. But an eccentric relation bound me by his will to marry at a certain age. I saw you in Paris, and would have addressed you without disguise, but I was just then drawn for the army, and Napoleon gave me positive orders to serve in person. My fortune and my love were both at stake. I disguised myself and fled to the spot where you were. This is my whole story. You will forgive me—I trust you will forgive me the deception I have practised. Now, when we are united, I will, if you permit me, serve my country wherever she has need of me. To you I would have revealed all before now, had not your declaration that you would never wed one who fled from the conscription terrified me into silence—and then I thought of the scheme which has been followed. Pardon me, dearest wife."

The lady's pardon was not difficult to obtain. Soon after the disclosure which has been related, M. de Valville went to visit M. Blaux. He found that gentleman too much absorbed in other matters to think of duelling. The unfortunate Blaux had just been drawn for the conscription for the sixth time.
FACTS ABOUT FRIDAY.—From time immemorial Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen, and though this prejudice is less prevalent now than it has been of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many, even in this matter of fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day as inauspicious, to begin an undertaking of momentous import! And how many brave mariners, whose hearts unquelled could meet the wildest fury of the ocean home, would blanch to even bend their sails on Friday. But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our settlement and greatness as a nation; and we will see how little cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day.

On Friday, August 3d, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12th, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 4th, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known, which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 16th, 1493, he arrived in Potos in safety. On Friday, November 22d, 1494, he arrived in Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13th, 1496, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.
On Friday, March 16th, 1496, Henry VII. of England, gave to John Cabot, his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, September 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown. On the same day was signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution. On Friday, December 22d, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock. On Friday, June 16th, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7th, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22d, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.
On Friday, October 19th, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms took place. On Friday, June 7th, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent.

Thus, by numerous examples, we see that, however it may be with the other nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday, any undertaking, no matter how momentous it may be.
SINGULAR STRATAGEM.—Teniers perceiving that the works of pirates, wisely determined to anticipate the restitutions of talent, and to effect this, he thought he could not adopt a better expedient than to cease to live, to the public. In order to execute this singular stratagem, he absented himself from the town of Anvers, and his wife and child counterfeited affliction by putting on black. The trick succeeded, and in a very short time all the pieces of the pretended deceased were bought up at very high prices, which, besides relieving his present wants, enabled him to realize a handsome sum for the future.
A LOFTY MOUNTAIN.—Mount Hood, in Oregon, has now been ascertained by actual measurement to be full eighteen thousand three hundred and sixty one feet high. This is the highest peak on the American continent, and of the highest in the world. From this peak, mountain tops five hundred miles distant are distinctly seen to issue from the summit.

New York Historical Society.—Massachusetts was happily represented by the celebration of the New York Historical Society. Hon. R. C. Winthrop made a noble speech, from which we make the following truly eloquent extract:
"Let me not draw these remarks to a close without adding a word more serious, without saying that we ought, none of us, to be forgetful that, after all, Sir, there is another work—a work going on in this day and generation—besides that of writing the history of our fathers; and that is, the acting of our own parts in life. We cannot live upon the glories of the past. Historic memories are precious and inspiring. Let us sustain our institutions, let us preserve our liberty, for there is another history to be written, to which every State, and every citizen at this hour, and every hour is contributing materials. In the generous rivalry of sister States, each may furnish the most brilliant records of the past, but this should not render us regardless of that nobler rivalry, in which it becomes all more ardently and ambitious to engage."
"I know no nobler spectacle in the history of the world than that of the multiplied States of this Union, joining with fraternal competition which should add the brightest page to the history of the future, the most complete illustration of the success of that republican experiment, of which our soil has been providently selected as the scene. If these thirty-one commonwealths ranged under a common banner from ocean to ocean, could be seen engaged in such a contention as this, instead of a struggle for some miserable political mastery, or selfish ascendancy, instead of cherishing a spirit of mutual jealousy and hate by striving to aggrandize themselves either territorially or commercially at each other's expense, should they be seen laboring side by side to improve each one its own character—to reform each one its own abuses—to abolish each one its own wrongs—to show the best efforts of which civilization, Christianity and freedom are capable, what a history would there be to the world hereafter! Who would envy the writer the privilege of penning such a record! Methinks he would catch some inspiration from the psalmist of old—his pen would be that of 'a ready writer.' No cold and heathen skeptic could portray such a progress; no Gibbon could delineate the glowing picture. He might be trusted with the task which like that would inspire new faith in him who wrote and in the ultimate prevalence of the Gospel of Christ, which, after all, is the only sure and efficacious instrument by which either social or political—[lost in enthusiastic applause]—that history is to be written; and when written, is to exercise an influence on the world, for good or for evil, such as no other uninspired history has ever yet exerted. It is not too much to say that American history—the history of these United States, and of the several States—is to be the fountain to mankind of such a hope, or of such a despair, as they have never yet conceived of. [Great applause.] You have all heard how the accomplished Lecturer, many has been engaged in gathering the old log-books of your sailors, out of them to make wind and current charts to render voyages across the ocean more safe and speedy. So it would be with the log-books of our great Republic and those lesser Republics which sail under a common flag. From those is to be made up a great sailing chart of freedom. [Applause.] God grant that on no corner of it shall be found the sad record that here, upon some hidden rock, or there upon the breakers, or there in a fatal fog, by the desertion of some cowardly crew, [sensation and applause], or by the recklessness of some rash helmsman, a 'New Era' struck, floundered, and went to pieces, to the exultation of despots and the deep grief of all friends of freedom. [Applause.] May I rather give encouragement to all who range upon the same sea that there is a prosperous voyage before them and safe haven within their reach!" [Applause.]

Hon. EDWARD EVERETT also sent an excellent letter. He thus remarks on what America has done for history, while yet in her infancy:
"No branch of literature has been so successfully cultivated in America as history; and I believe that even European criticism—not over partial to merit on this side of the Atlantic—will bear me out when I say that, in addition to many works of sterling value, which I have no room to name, America has, within twenty-five years, produced three historians, whose works will go down to the latest posterity with those that have already stood the test of ages. I am not more confident of the abiding reputation of Herodotus, Haydnides, and Xenophon; of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus; of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Hallam, and Macaulay, than I am of the abiding reputation of Irving, Prescott, and Bancroft. I believe their works will be read till the English language is forgotten."

THE WORLD TO COME.—The following were the meditations of the celebrated JOHN FOSTER, on the death of his wife. They will seem to many as a transcript of their own thoughts under similar circumstances:
"Can it be—how is it—what is it—that we are now not inhabitants of the same world—that each has to think of the other as in a perfect different economy of existence? Whether has she gone—in what manner does she conscientiously realize to herself the great change—how does she look at herself as no longer inhabiting a mortal tabernacle—in what manner does she recollect her state as only a few weeks since—in what manner does she think, and feel, and act, and communicate with other spiritual beings—what manner of vision has she of God and the Saviour of the world—how does she review and estimate the course of discipline through which she had been prepared for the happy state where she finds herself—in what manner does she look back on a death, which she has so recently passed through—and does she plainly understand the nature of a phenomenon so awfully mysterious to the view of mortals? How does she remember and feel respecting me? Is she associated with the spirits of her departed son and our two children who died in infancy? Does she indulge with delight a confident anticipation that we shall, after while, be added to her society? If she should think of it as (with respect to some of us) many years, possibly, before such an event, does that appear a long time in prospect, or has she begun to account of duration according to the great laws of eternity? Earnest imaginings and questionings like these arise without end; and still, still, there is no answer, no revelation. The mind comes again and again up close to the thick black veil; but there is no perforation, no glimpse. She that loved me, and I trust loves me still, will not, cannot, must not answer me. I can only imagine her to say, 'Come and see; serve our God so that you shall come and share at no distant time.'

The result of the recent elections in the State of New York very forcibly illustrates the fact that the old political parties, with all their retinence and intrigues, are fast disappearing that period when—entire and absolute dissolution must take place in their fettered and dimmed ranks; and that new features, with more healthful influences, in the political policy of this country is steadily and rapidly gaining predominance in minds of the American people.
In the contest for the supremacy of party in New York, the American organization could have easily thrown its influence into the hands of Mr. Baucus, the champion of the Hardshell wing of the Democracy, and who in many respects was certainly unobjectionable with them, and thereby have caused his success. Or, on the other hand, by their combined strength they could have made the victory of either CLARKE, the Free Soil Whig, or that of Sherman, Goddard Democrat, doubly sure. But Young America came boldly and nobly forward, on broad national grounds, thereby exhibiting to the world her true devotion to American policy, and independently and patriotically hung out her colors at the mast head. All connection with either Whiggery or Democracy, in whatever garb, whether Hard, Soft, Free Soil, Anti-Nebraska, Nebraska, or Temperance, was at once severed.

The order was fully aware of its infancy and want of organization, and that a defeat was almost inevitable; yet all these considerations were at once set aside. With them the question had resolved itself into a contest for principles—American principles—though their man should meet with defeat.
In connection with this subject the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer says:
"The ground work of the American party is the principle of nationality. In 1844, when immigration had reached 200,000 a year, when Bishop Hughes had begun to preach politico-religious sermons against the common-school system, and which under his counsels the Irish were separately organized as a religious sect to vote on that and other questions, against the body of our native citizens, the excitement became untrollable, and most lamentable riots and excesses in a neighboring city were among the results of the feeling produced by this state of things. In 1846 commenced the Irish exodus, and immigration rose to 300,000 per annum; and now, by the aid of a German exodus, a Chinese exodus, and of more exoduses than we have time to enumerate, it has risen to a half a million a year. The result is that we must do something to protect and vindicate our nationality. If we do not, it will be destroyed. The infusion of five millions of foreigners into our political system every ten years, will subvert it; and the question is, what action is required?"

"Had the foreign residents been content with a moderate exercise of the privileges which our laws confer upon them, we suppose the great movement on which we are now commencing would have been postponed for a few years. But they have not; they have introduced religious controversy into our political contentions. They have demanded public office as a right. They have insisted upon the political proscription of Americans for denying this claim. They have formed clans for the control of the polls; and they have organized themselves into bands, through whose misconduct perpetual disorder and tumult disturb our streets, and our prisons are filled."

Now here follows the remarks of that keenly sheet the N. Y. Tribune, the editor of which is deemed the oracle of divinity by the entire Free Soil and Abolition population of the North. Hear him:
"Principles and not nationality constitute an American. Hug and Mazzini are better Americans than Douglas and Pettit, because they are better Democrats. Applying terms in any other sense than this, nothing is more untrue to the whole spirit and meaning of our history than the maxim 'America for the Americans.' Aside from the identity of our national principles we have no national identity, nor shall we have for centuries."

To which the Courier and Enquirer makes the following reply to the precocious Prince Wooly:
"We think there is not one of our readers who will not unite with us in pronouncing the sentiment conveyed in the lines we have italicized, as atrocious. American nationality is denied and repudiated. We are not a nation, but merely denizens in a land which belongs no more to us than to any horde of wanderers that may choose to squat upon it. We are not a people, and we have no country. The liberty we enjoy and the institutions we live under, were not devised and founded by our ancestors. They came into existence by accident, and belong as much to all the rest of the world as to the descendants of the men who most unjustly have appropriated the credit to their authorship."
All such ideas are traceable to the school of political philosophers who preach the universal benevolence doctrine, and advocate the 'solidarity of the people.' To such men nations are a myth, or, if they have a tangible existence, they are nuisances to be abated."

The extracts below are from the N. Y. Evening Mirror, and we will venture to assert that there is not one of our readers who will not understand the sentiments herein offered, though the language may sound harsh, even to some of our local politicians hereabouts, who hold such a lasting affection for the "Rich Irish brogue" and "Sweet German accent":
"Young, vigorous, wide-awake!—representing the progress and patriotism of the Republic, I sprang to the conflict, and though it might not have swept the entire field, it has hushed down the hosts of fanaticism, disunionism, Maine-lawism and fusionism, and asserted its power in the future, to conquer every opposing element."
It has demonstrated to demagogues the peril of appeals to 'Sweet German accents' or 'Rich Irish brogues.' It has at once, and we trust forever, put the rest of 'silence and rest' on ambitious politicians who aspire to high places by trading and tripping, chicanery and craft, at the sacrifice of every principle that governs honest men."